GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

DAILY AND WEEKLY.

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TERMS

WEEKLY GLOBE-REPUBLIC.

MAMMOTH DOUBLE SHEET Issued Every Thursday Morning. ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

All communications should be addressed to KINNEY NICHOLS & CO.,

Springfield, Ohio.

WEDNESDAY EVENING, JAN. 21 They are carrying steerage passengers across the ocean now for \$10 a head. But

this does not include board-only lodging. The rascals will go in just six weeks from Exactly. You tell the truth, but your

punctuation is a little faulty. A comma

is omitted after "in." The Democrats of the house are in frame of mind not to let the Grant-retirement bill pass; and the chances are that it will be smothered by indirection-that is, by a refusal to take it up out of its

Voorhees was the unanimous choice of his party's caucus in the Indiana legislature for nomination to succeed himself in the U. S. senate; and Governor Porter received the like compliment (vain, but bonorable) from the caucus of the Republicans.

There was a slugging-match between John L. Sullivan and Paddy Ryan in New York the other night, which the police put an end to before the close of the first round. There were about \$11,000 taken in as admittance fees, and Roscoe Conkling was among the spectators.

John R. McLean is said to have it in his mind to elect a Democratic legislature again and procure it to elect him senator from Ohio in place of John Sherman. John R. is sometimes good at electing and procuring, but sometimes he misses it, as he did when Lot Wright's marshals became epidemic in Cincinnati one day.

At a convention of Jewish rabbis now being held in New York, Dr. Gottheil, speaking on the "Drift of Modern Thought," said that "Christian ministers hardly ever speak of the Trinity or original sin." and that "Christians are becoming such good Jews it is hard to find anything to contradict in their sermons." as there was one day several years ago on a little hill just outside of Jerusalem.

Hon. Allen O. Myers speaks of those representatives who "rise to a question of privilege" on account of what newspaper correspondents may say of them, as taking retuge under "the baby act." He says no man has been more abused through the newspapers than he has, and probably he merited it sometimes, but he had never yet arisen "to a question of privilege." But Mr. Myers is a newspaper man himself, and can get even with those who attack him; while members who have no organ of their own can not strike back except through the "question of privilege."

We are pleased to observe that General Grant is earning fair remuneration for the work of his pen. The Century pays him \$10,000 for the three articles on the war which are to appear in that magazine. From the extracts which have been published, we judge that these articles will have more value as authentic contributions to the history of the rebellion than as literary productions. They tell the story in language as bald of ornament as that of a public document on agriculture; but Julius Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War are as unpretentious, and they have lived through the ages. What Grant has to say will interest posterity more than Cresar will,

preme court of the United States to the a man of respectable talent. But he bears effect that, when the supreme court of a state has once pronounced a law constitutional, a subsequent contrary decision does not affect the rights acquired under the first. This dictum of the U. S. court would make the Scott law operative and binding up to the date of the last decision of our supreme court, and entitle the state to hold all the taxes paid into the treasury by saloonists up to that date (that is, absolutely all, for there were none paid in after). It there is such a decision as that, it will be worth two or three million dollars to the tax-payers of Ohio. Bring that authority out, if it is handy.

The poetizer of the following seems to think he is sarcastic; and, as he is fairly respectable in rhyme and rhythm, we are perfectly agreeable to leave him in print to our readers, with the understanding that, if they discover who the "We" is that is meant, they will promptly notify this office by telephone:

TO C. M. N. When first we succeeded to office,
The nation was wreched and poor,
And the task of collecting the taxes
Too painful almost to endure.

We soon became famous for saving, As we promised en hoth r we would; We saved all we thought of worth having. And that that was lost was no good.

What else did we do while in office

When an apple grows rotten from ripenes
W know to the ground it will fail;
And the slice | ivil Service has left us
Is the n xt thing to nothing at all.

Let us hang ue our harps on the willow, Let us larily erit with the tide; For, no more can we less the procession Nor forever keep "pointing with pri

Physicians sent to India by the British government for the investigation of cholera report adversely to Koch's theory of the bacilli. They fed mice, rats, and monkeys with cholers excretions, and the animals remained normal. They inoculated rabbits, cats, and monkeys with Koch's "comma bacilli," but the patients refused to take the cholers. They report that "no bacteria of any kind and no organisms of known form and character occur in the blood or any other tissue" of cholers victims. So the awful pestilence remains as great a mystery to science as ever. Empiricism must still battle with it while longer, as it has done hitherto.

Mr. Van Wyck, in a speech in the senate on the interstate-commerce bill, showed some commendable boldness of utterance

as, for example, in these ringing sentences: To-day the tarmers in be West were working their own farms on sheres—railroads takdollar of profit or interest on the money in vested in lands, teams and machinery, sand spolog zing for the swedlers who are wreaking still moe the prosperity of the people. Jay Gould had a greater wealth han the assessed property, real and personal both Kanass and Neinaska and Vander oli could buy both Siars and Lave \$40 000 . 000 left. Were these millions honesily ac

You sympathy expands for papper labor n Eu ope and India, while your heart seems e led against the cry for bread and the ion wages, or have their places supplied it mines, by specially protected mine owners, by pauper and convict labor imported under

contract from Europe. Corporations behind four billions of stolen property, for years controlling the Sate L-gislature, the National Congress and the Judiiary, as remorselessiv as did slavery, need not he sympathy or active support of the Sena-It is the toiler seeking labor in the furnace heat, in the underground laby inth, the ettler in his dug-out on the troutier of Kan sas and Nebraska, whose wives and chicires are drawing warmth from corn, because g eat orporations refuse to reduce rates of freight, so that the coal of Penosvivania may be ex hanged for the corn of the Aest

A ROBUST PROGRAMME.

According to the English programme for the new year, laid out in the Pall Mall Gazette, our Mother Country is likely to bite of a good deal more than she can masticate properly.

First, it is proposed to unite the em pire, or consolidate it to some extent at least, by giving Canada, Australia, and the other colonies High Commissioners, one for each, who shall report to and advise the Colonial Secretary at London. Then Great Britain's "naval supremacy is to be more firmly established."

This prompts the suggestion to the sec retary of our navy that he hunt it up and put it in his vest pocket until this thing "blows over."

Next, England is to try to divert emigration away from the United States by inducing her surplus people to settle in the English colonies. She will try to do this, but will she do it? We shall see.

Then, England proposes to "scquire nearly all unoccupied territory in Africa, the whole of the Malay peninsula, New Guinea, and the Louisiade group, and a number of the islands in the eastern semi-civilized powers." Where she cannot "acquire" countries (to-wit, "gobble") she proposes to "internationalize," that is to say, so "fix" them that other nations will not take possession of them.

After all this is done, she is to give Home Rule to Ireland, which unfortunate country will have a long time to wait for it. We shall see what Germany will have

to say about certain portions of this robust programme. And perhaps an occasional protest will come from other parts of the

SENATOR WM. M. EVARTS. The magnificent nomination of William M. Evarts for Republican senator from New York will cheer the heart of the party throughout the nation. It is a triumph of straight Republican principles. It is a triumph of brains over money. It is a triumph of the people over politicians. It is a triumph of James G. Blaine.

Mr. Evarts is a Republican of the straightest sect. He is neither Stalwart nor Half-Breed, but just a Republican. He is not a man of factional or private mimosities, but a man who has unselfishly served the party because he believed in its principles, and who has on occasion dared to rebake it when its practices seemed to him opposed to its principles.

Mr. Evarts was a candidate against a very rich and very good man-Levi P. Morton. Mr. Morton is an excellent Re-There is said to be a decision of the su- publican, and worth millions. He is also no comparison with Mr. Evarts in this respect. Evarts is a man of genius. Genius in his case, though he has waited years for the proper appreciation, has commanded success. The people have at last found him out and complimented

themselves by preferring brains to money. For Evarts's triumph is the people's There was a politicians' plot to beat him. Numerous members of the legislature were elected by money from Morton's coffers. They were expected to be grateful for the assistance. They were; but the sentiment of the people was too strong in favor of Evarts for them to dare vote against him. This sentiment forced the caucus to an open ballot, and the members were atraid to go against the known sentiment of their

Mr. Evarts was a friend and earnest supporter of James G. Blaine. He recognized him as the leader and the fairly and rightly nominated candidate of the party, and battled for him valiantly throughout the campaign, against all the malign influences of New-York tactionalism, and Conklingism, and mugwumpery, and Beechery. His nomination is a glorious victory for the friends of Blaine in New York, who are the people of New York, and a victory for Blaine.

Mr. Evarta's assured election to the senate is a beginning of the series of victories which are to return the Republican party to power in 1888, and to restore the nation to the hands of its defenders and preservers. The country is to be conthat is acceptable, he is a crank or gratulated over this auspicious beginning of the Republican opposition campaign. cheat of the worst sort.

Itching Diseases

In CZEMA, or Sait Rheum, with its agonising 19th-Ling and burning, instantly relieved by a warm cath with Curnelina Soar, and a lingle application of CUTICUMA SOAR, and a lingle application of CUTICUMA, the great Stin Curn. This repeated daily, with two or three doses of CUTICUMA KRESCUWAY, the New Blood Purifier, to knew the blood cool, the perspiration pure and unirritating, the bowels open, the liver and kidneys active, will speedily cure Ecsema. Tetter, Ringworm, Paoriasis, lachen, Fruritus, Seall Head, Dandruff, and every species of Itching, Sealy and Pimply Humors of the Sealp and Skin, when the best physicians and all know n remedies fail.

ECZEMA TWENTY YEARS. My gratitude to God is unbounded for the relief have obtained from the use of the CUTICUEA. EXEMINER. I have been troubled with Enems on my legs for twenty years. I had not a comfortable light for vears, the burning and liching were sontense. Now, I am happy to say, I have no trouble. Only the liver-colored patches on my limbe emain as a token of my former misery.

188 West Avenue, Rochester, N. Y. 188 West Avenue, Rochester, N

Tour most valuable Currecuma Remember bever to done my child so much good that I feel like maying this for the benefit of those who are truebled with skin disease. My little girl was troubled with Ecnema, and I tried several doctors and medicines but did not do her any good until I used the Currecuma Remembers, which appeality cured there, for which I owe you many thanks and many nights of rest.

ANTON BUSSMIER, Edinburgh, Ind.

Union Bakery, ECZEMA ON A CHILD.

TETTER OF THE SCALP. I was almost perfectly hald, caused by Tefter of the top of the scalp. I used your CUTICUES Em-EDIES about six weeks, and they cured my scalp perfectly, and now my hair is coming back as their as it ever was.

J. P. CHOICE. Whitesboro, Texas.

COVERED WITH B COTCHES. I want to tell you that your turnovite Resort vant is magnificent. About three mentle as my face was covered with blotches, and after using three bottles of RESOLVENT I was perfectly cured.

28 St. Charles Street, New Oriessa, Le.

For all cases of poisoning by try or accessed, can warrant Currouna to cure every time. I have sold it for five years and it nears fails.

Halliston West.

Holliston, Mass. Sold everywhere. Curreura, 50 cenus; Soar, 5 cenus; Rasolvant, \$1."

Potter Drug & Chemical Co., Moston.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CORE.

Collins' Voltaic Electric Plaster Instantly affects the Nervous System and Sanisher Pain. A perfect Electric Stattery combined with a Porous Plaster for twenty-dop onto II annihilates Pain, vitalizes Weak, and Work Oct Parts, strengthens Tired Muscles, prevents disease, and does more in one-half the time than any other plaster in the world. Sold everywhere.

nantic Yarn That Should Probably be Told to the Marines.

A New York contribution to the col-umns of the Boston Globe relates the following interesting and romantic

A few days ago a man about sixty. years of age, with the appearance of an old farmer, and very taciture, registered at the Sinclair House, under the name of Ezra W. Forman, Nomora. Pleiades group, Pacific Ocean. Conversation shows him to be a very intelligent man. He tells a wonderful tale. He says in substance that in the year 1847 the ship Comulgee of Wareham. 1847 the ship Osmulgee of Wareham was homeward bound with full load, tryworks overboard, and trials and kegs of oil stowed in every top. After leaving Lahaina, S. I., October 7, with 350 barrels of sperm, 3,250 barrels of whale oil, and 41,000 pounds bone, she was near heard from Formals. was never heard from. Forman was boat-steerer. He claims he is the sole survivor, and states that the ship was wrecked on Nomora an Island in the Pleiades group, and gives the following

romantic story of the wreck:

"The Ocmulgee went ashore on Remora in December, 1847, and all handswere drowned excepting myself; Martin, the cook, and an Hawalian sallor named Waihee. All the oil casts were-stove, and the ship gradually hove one the reef, until finally the survivous could walk around her at low water.

"Through the Hawaiian I was as abled to talk to the chief on the island. explained the uses that might be made of the various articles, and assisted by natives got everything out of the ship including the bone, and then broke upthe ship, saving plants, nails, abohors, chains and whaling gear. "We were given houses, lands and

wives, accepted our position and deterthat we were exiles from home an friends, we recontent and happy. I taught the natives many of the ruder arts and they prospered greatly. But the natives feared to lose us, and when a ship came in sight hurried us away into the interor until the foreign vessels had passed

'Later my two companions died and I was left alone. Surrounded by my children and grandchildren, I was finally acknowledged to be their ruler, and my word was their law. I told them I must go to my friends, but had to swear by their gods that I would return. Finally a sandal-wood trader touched there, I embarked in her, was landed in Sidney, and n ade my way here after much trouble and time."

Such is Forman's story. Now comes another remarkable tale. He says the whalebone is in prime condition, and from the time of its wreck to the present day a native has always been on guard over it, and that regularly once a week its position has been shifted to save it from rats and mold. Forman says that his two companions left a number of children who are now big and healthy, and that he has twenty nine sons and daughters and sixty-nine grandchildren. Some Philadelphia merchants have taken stock in Ferman's story, have advanced him \$5,000 worth of goods, chartered a steamer and she will soon leave New York for the Pleiades, to carry out this mo Alexander Selkirk and bring back the bone, estimated to be worth now from

\$150,00), to \$175,000. The story is a romantic one and the appearance of Forman carries truth with it; but a Nantucket gentleman, to whom the tale has been submitted, who is conversant with whaling matters doubts it from first to last, and advises the merchants, responsible ones, by the very carefully before accepting its truth The gentleman who has advised on the matter says there never was a ship Ocmulgee of Wareham in the whaling that was lost. The onl whaler of that name was owned i Holmes Hole, and sailed repeatedly from that port from 1844 until, in 1865 she was burned by the Confederate cruiser Alabama. There are also other serious discrepancies in Forman's statement among which is the proportion of whalebone to the proportion of oil ta-ken, and although his yarn is ingeni-ously twisted, yet it is full of flaws and apt to strand on examination, and the nference is, unless he can reconstruc his story with a new name for the ship

THE AMERICAN TYPE.

The typical American is always rich. He may not be able to produce title deeds and bank accounts, or other tangible evidences of wealth, but he is born heir to innumerable quarter-sections in a land of promise not always accessible to the ordinary voyager, but through which he roams continually in quest of the pirate-hidden gold, the bonanza mine, the great invention, the lucky speculation, which shall open up to

him a rapid transit route to affluence. Just at the present moment he may is a better day coming, a day quite near at hand when he shall burst this pinching thrysalid shard, and soar aloft upon auriférous wing, the free and brilliant butterfly destiny intends him to be-

In the meantime, as far as his purse will allow, he forestalls fortune. an heir, it is incumbent upon him to live on a scale commensurate with his expectations. To-day he has only the 1-365 of twelve hundred dollars to spend, but as to-morrow he may have hat amount multiplied by an indefimite factor, to save any of it would be he height of parsimonious folly.

No genuine American over believes he will die poor, or suffer irreparable oss or misfortune of any kind. Nav. even when such loss or misfortune has overtaken him, he will refuse to give it he countenance of his recognition, and will expend his last breath in unfolding some scheme for the bettering of for-tunes already past all earthly mend-

ng. The American is fond of splendid ndertakings. He revels in schemes for building gigantic roads and man moth bridges, for digging impossible canals and inland seas. But such mat-ters must be taken in hand speedily, and pushed with energy, or he is soon thred of them. Affairs that move slowly, do not move at all for him

He feels the mpetus of the age upon him, and to say of any project. "It will take time, it will take time," is to releg te it to some unknown limbo, quite beyond the sphere of his consid-

He loves to play the role of prince and patron of enterprise. Or he will be the brains, if you will; the sinewsnever. His to glorify the work, to talk t up, write it up, to drum for it at a good salary, to persuade others with a large expenditure of eloquent breath, to invest hard dollars in it; but that he should wield a spade, or trundle a wheelbarrow! why what a waste of brain-power were that!

Brain-power!-that is the shibboleth of the American; the totem which he clasons not upon the "grave posts," but upon his own forehead; the potent charm with which he expects to conjure

And by brain-power, be it understoo he does not mean the power exerted by a thoroughly informed, broadly cultirated intelligence; for the typical Amer ican is not a close student.

The distaste for continued applicaforts in fields of material labor, pursues him into the intellectual fields. He believes devoutly, though secretly,

in inspirational knowledge, a sort of atmospheric influence, as it were, which lishes for him all the result attained only by hard study on the part of the routine-ridden European.

Brain-power with him means nothing more than a certain intellectual alert. ness, a readiness in grasping the salient festures of the situation, a facility for rommarizing and utilizing the knowedge of others.

He has no time himself to go into a subject exhaustively. What he wants results, conclusions, canned, so to speak, like his peaches and peas. A notable lack of local attachment His country is so large, that he cannot

ticular valley or mountain-side.

It is all America, and it is all his. Bidding farewell to his birth-place upon the Atlantic slope, he will trans-fer himself and his belongings to the shores of the Pacific, with all the case and gayety of heart that would attend

staple people.

To him nostolgis is an unknown emtion, or at most, a passing sensation, quickly dispelled; and the immigrant, sick with longing for Fatherland, he classes in his mind under the head of unneual and unaccountable phenomena. He will follow the line of a new rail

road pitching a temporary tent at every station, and settle down at last at some point half w continent distant from his starting place, influenced in his choice of locality by no more weighty consid-eration than that of an advantageous opening for real estate investment. But fixed; his home being often little more than pied-a-terre, where he keeps wife and children, and other non-portable property, and to which he returns at intervals, for brief snatches of rest and

The typical American is always an individual, and strongly bent upon re-maining an individual. He does not self readily to organizations, nor blend with smooth uniformity into society. The heady wine of tr works too strongly in his blood to al-low a protracted submission of his part to rules or customs. He may for a time, and solely to please himself, pay obser-vance to convention, and ruffle it in the courts of fashion; but even such modito him, and he is apt to throw off, with

fierce and scornful vehemence, the yoke he voluntarily assumed. In religion and politics also he may give in a qualified and temporary alle-giance to teachers and leaders, reserving to himself the right to criticise, doubt and cavil, at will, but he is very jealous of his reputation as an inde-pendent thinker, and often adopts an eccentricity, apparently for no other reason than to create a difference between himself and his neighbors.
On the æsthetic side, the American

is still something like his own wilder-nesses, rough and unkempt, yet to one who studies him with an eye not too severe, full of rich promise.

Musically, he has not progressed much beyond the fondness for noise shared by all living creatures. The strains of the fife and drum still have power to stir him deeply, and his harnonic yearnings find ample expression n the clamor of a brass band. In other branches of the fine arts, he

is hardly more developed. He has not had time in the hurry and bustle of getting a continent into living order. adjust his ideas upon painting and sculpture, but he is conscious of possessir 7 such ideas, still in a some nascent state, somewhere in the interrior recesses of his being.

On one point, however, he is quite clear, and that is that American art, when it does arise, will be no tame imitation of the Greek and Roman.

He is a little tired of the Greek and toman. They have been thrust upon him with irate iteration, through many decades of contemptuous snubbing, that he experiences a sense of inward revolt against even their calm and unaggressive domination. He is clear-sighted enough, too, to perceive that art must be native to the soil. Greek art looks too cold and white under our vivid skies. Beautiful it may be, but the passion from which it sprung has long ceased to throb in living veins. The dust of the tomb is upon it. The free and abounding life of his new world, must find fresher and warmer expression than the empty shell of an

nore distinct from other nationalities

than in the quality of his patriotism.

Without reverence for the past, or strong attachment to any single feature in the present phase of the national development, he is yet passionately patriotic. He loves his country not for what it is, or has been, but for what it shall become. There is no looking back with him, no sighing over antique glories. He views the past with a curious and amused smile. It is interesting by way of contrast, but not so good as his present, and utterly insignificant in comparison with the future. When he fights, it is not to preserve traditions.

Away with tradition They are cobwebs! They are rust! Men may cry out sacrilege. He does not know the meaning of the word. All that was sacred in the past of hi man effort, lives actively in the present. Why should he burden himself with a mass of dead matter? Wornout garments, crumbling walls, dusty and faded records, these things oppress him, and he hates oppression.

It is not that be undervalues the sacrifices of the patriots, or wishes to be-little the work they achieved, but that he and his generation have imbibed so thoroughly the inspiration of their deeds, that he feels himself one with them. All that they did, he and his generation could and would do, should ecasion demand.

This is the foundation of his quenchless faith in the stability of free institutions, a faith so calmas to seem at times more like indifference

Far from being indifferent, he regards his country with a proud and patroniz-ing affection. He takes immeasurable delight in its vastness, its wealth, its eauty; he fondles it in his thought as if h had made it. It seems to him the predestined home

of a people emancipated from every form of tyranny, the land where the last fetter of prejudice must fall away, and the human race attain its culminating splendor. Hence, portents of change do not ap-pall him. Knowing that the old things

must pass away, in order that all things may become new, change means to him, not ruin, but regeneration. Marion A. Baker, in The Current.

A Lonely Death.

It was here in Detroit at one of the city hospitals that I saw the saddes funeral ceremony I ever witnessed. It was that of a woman who had literally died by inches. Poverty, sorrow, and sickness had been her constat companions for years, and when at last on a hospital bed she drew her last breath it seemed as if there could be nothing left to feel the pang of dissolution-nothing but skin and bone.

She had been well cared for in her last sickness by those who gave their time and service to the work of charibut it is doubtful if she knew it. Her mind lived in the past, and she murmured in delirium of a happy home, and seemed to be always caressing a little child. Now she would talk to it in a sweet mother-tongue, using the d, endearing language of love to call it to her again; she seemed to dread some terrible fate for it, and besought God to save it, even to take it away from the evil to come. Always it was the child that was present with her, so that pain was naught—the child that she continually addressed as "Darling Emma," and she died with that name

on her lips. This was all there was of the dead woman's history. The pall of a dark past had fallen upon b. .. It was only known that the child about whom she had raved and prayed was still alive, and somewhere in the city. But so far all search had failed to find her. The brief funeral ceremonies-at the expense of the city, for her's was a pau-

per burial—were held in the large par-lor of the hospital. A young clergy man who had Just entered upon air work, the assistants of the hospital, the undertaker, hat in hand, and one or two strangers, were all who were present. The dead woman lay in a highly varnished pine coffin, from which the netal shells were already falling in a shower of tawdry splendor, so imperfectly were they fastened on. Her face was composed and peaceful. Life and death had done their worst—the battle

was now over. In the chill and the silence the voice of the young minister, cultured and tuneful, sounded like a strain of music.

All heads bowed as he recited: I am the resurrection and the life There was a scream-a wail of heartrending grief-and the service was interrupted, as a woman, young and hag-gard, rushed into the room and threw erself on the coffin: she was dressed gaily in silk attire. A long feather dangled from a gaudy hat—everything about her bespoke death sadder than

"Mother mother," she moaned "why did you you not let me know? Oh, I would have come to you and worked my fingers to the bone to save you! Oh, mother, mother! come back o me just to say that you forgive me. Mother, it is your own little Emmy! Do you hear me? It is Emmy! Oh, my God! I am too late! She will nev-

Pitying friends drew the frenzied woman away. In a moment she had dashed them aside, and leaning again over the dead mother she pressed he lips once-twice-thrice to the cold lips of the dead. Then she clasped her hands and lifted her eyes to heaven, while her lips seemed to be recording a vow. The wintry sun shone out at that moment from the western sky, and touched with golden finger the sad, sad scene of death in life, and life in death, and the minister resumed the service where he had been interrupted:

> I am the resurrection and the life. -Detroit Free Press.

Dueling No Longer in Fashion

The dueling code is certainly going out of fashion in the south. A case in point occurred the other day. Th ity editor of a great paper took a ho day and appointed one of the reporte ial corps his pro tem. This promod reporter requested another of the c-ps attend to a certain matter, whis refused, saying it was the city edor's business, not his. Words multiped, a blow was struck, a scuffle ensu. and they were parted. Next morn'g the temporary editor, grandson of famous apoleonic general, sent his brother reporter a peremptory challege, i. e., one that leaves no room for apology instead of one that bears the provision of unless or if. The challenged reporter on of a fa-

nous southern senator, we clearly in the wrong from the start. His friends felt so, and would have mde him apologize, but no chance of the was given.
With as much secrecy a possible the
meeting took place unde "The Oaks,"
as the old dueling ground of the city is called, and where many a famous duel has been fought. Tie seconds were measuring off the ground, when a letter signed by some of me most prominent citizens and old sodiers of the town, was brought to them, praying for a postponement for a day, and submission of the matter to their arbitration. The seconds decided to grant it, and placed their principals under arbitrament. The result was that the committee ordered the senator's son to apologize, which he did. The apology was ac cepted, and friendship reigned again. So much for the progress of peace in southern society! The long night of brilliant barbarism is passing away, and the day cometh in which all men may work.—New Orleans Cor. Nashville

GRAND MOTHER

Used herbs in doctoring the family, and her simple remedies *DID CURE* in most cases. Without the use of herbs, medical science would be powerless; and yet the tendency of the times is to neglect the best of all remedies for those powerful medicines that seriously injure the system.

ISHLER'S

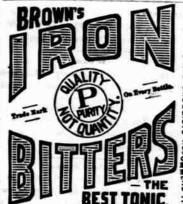
is a combination of valuable herbs, carefully compounded from the formula of a regular Physician, who used this prescription largely in his private practice with great success. It is not a drink, but with great success. It is not a uring our a medicine used by many physicians.

It is invaluable for DYSPEPSIA, KIDNEY and LIVER COMPLAINTS, NERVOUS EXHAUST, N. WEAKNESS, INDIGESTION, Ac.; and while curing will not hurt the system.

Mr. C. J. Rhodes, a well-known iron man of Safe Harbor, Pa., writes: "My son was completely prostrated by fever and agree. Quining and barks did him no good. I then sent for Mishler's Herb Bitters and in a short time the boy was quite well."

"E. A. Schellentrager, Druggist, 717 St. Clair Street, Cleveland, O., writes: your Bitters, I can say and do say, are pre-scribed by some of the oldest and most prominent physicians in our city.

MISHLER HERB BITTERS CO. 525 Commerce St., Philadelphia. Parker's Pleasant Worm Syrup Never Fails



This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chilis and Fevers, and Neuralgin. and Neuralgia.
It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.
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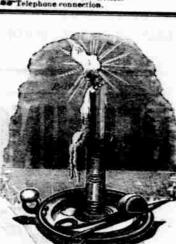
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